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THE FRIENDLY
MOUNTAIN

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THE FRIENDLY MOUNTAIN

Enos A. Mills
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Gray Flags of the Hills

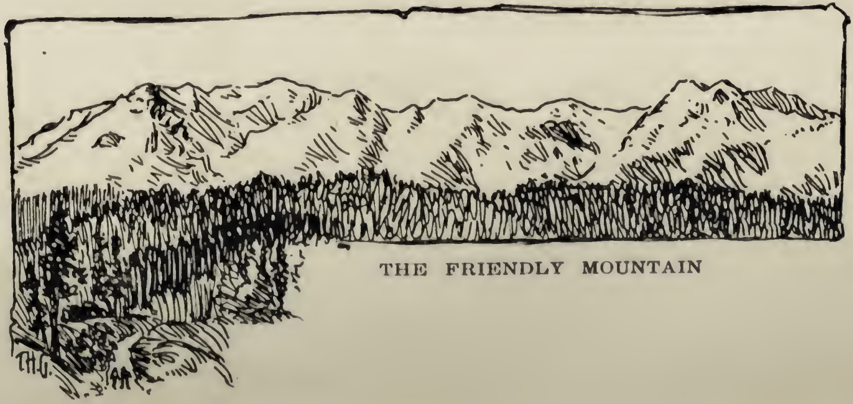
Edmond S. Meany

Olympics, Olympics, moist home of the mists,
How sure do thy signals, thy flags on the hills,
Call troops of cloud soldiers through tortuous twists
To plunge where a trumpet each cataract thrills.
Each cataract thrills,
Thy thousand new rills,
Wild trumpets of rivers,—
Gray flags of the hills!

Olympics, Olympics, thy fortress of fir,
Thy cavernous hemlocks where world clamor stills,
Where never an elk hears the arrow's weird whirr,
A wilderness peace till the fierce cougar kills.
The fierce cougar kills,
His blood lust fulfills,
Thy shroud for the timid,—
Gray flags of the hills!

Olympics, Olympics, thy swift waters run
To grind the huge boulders in rough granite mills,
A smile at the labor, a kiss from the sun,
They dance as they whirl their rude hammers and drills.
Rude hammers or drills,
As glad worker wills ;
Thy rivers are laughing,—
Gray flags of the hills!

Dedicated to
The Klahhane Club
4 July 1916



THE FRIENDLY MOUNTAIN

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The Friendly Mountain

BY

ED. B. WEBSTER

THOS. H. GUPTILL
ILLUSTRATOR

KLAHHANE CLUB

Sketches from Photos Taken
by the Author

1917
Smith & Webster, Inc.
Printers

To Those Kindred Spirits

Who enjoy the upward trail, "towards the peaks, towards the stars, and towards the Great Silence":

Greeting !

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Mt. Angeles—Its Comparative Size

IN Mt. Angeles, an immense and exceedingly rugged pile of rock, over a mile in height and six miles in length by three in breadth, from north to south, the people of Port Angeles have right at their door that which will one day prove to be their greatest scenic resource.

We citizens of Port Angeles are overfamiliar with the saw-toothed skyline of our mountain. Being only five miles in an air line from the city, it is as near at hand as the highboard fence at the back door. Familiarity breeds, if not contempt, at least indifference. Owing to its proximity to salt water it carries no great cap of snow and ice as do the 8,000 to 10,000-foot Cascades, or the 8,000-foot Main Divide of the Olympics. Any yet Our Mountain holds its own fairly well in comparison. Let us illustrate:

Could we set the Green or White Mountains, or the Ozarks, down just back of the foothills which lie between Mt. Angeles and town, the summits of those noted eastern ranges would be lost to view.

Could we slice off one of the Rocky Mountains, say Pike's Peak, at the level of the surrounding plain, so that we would have only that portion of its 14,000-foot elevation that is visible, and set it down across the Elwha river from Mt. Angeles, it would be simply a continuation of our coast range, no higher, and no more rugged.

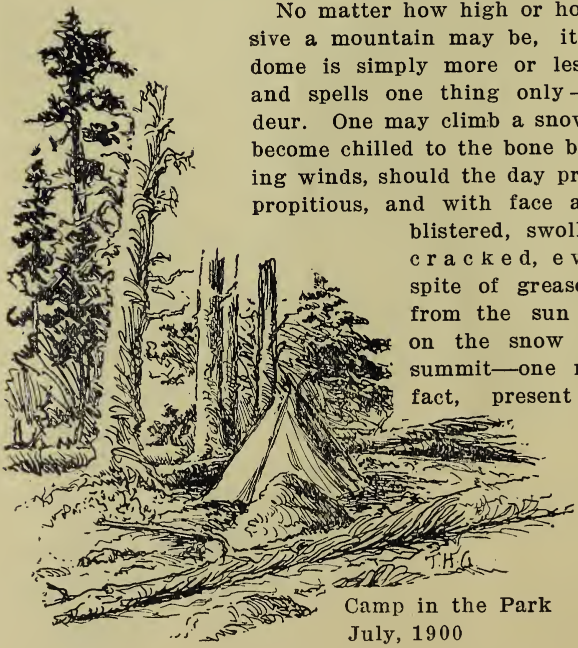
The elevation of Elwha Basin, the grass-covered park at the head of that river, where

one must camp if one is to climb the "higher Olympics," is 3,300 feet. Mt. Meany and Mt. Queets are about 4,500 feet above the Basin, and Mt. Olympus 500 feet higher. OUR Mountain, our "friendly mountain," for these "higher Olympics" are also part of our heritage, is over one and a sixth miles high — over a thousand feet higher, as seen from town, than is Mt. Meany from Elwha Basin.

Mt. Baker, the one volcanic peak visible from Port Angeles, is something like fifty miles from salt water. Were we to view Baker from a near-by peak, say five or ten miles away, its crown would appear to be a thousand feet lower than Our Mountain appears to us. Even that huge volcanic pile, Mt. Rainier itself, as seen from Paradise Park, has only a thousand feet the edge on Our Mountain, and that thousand feet is perpetual snow — which brings us to the real basis of comparison:

MT. ANGELES, THE "FRIENDLY MOUNTAIN"

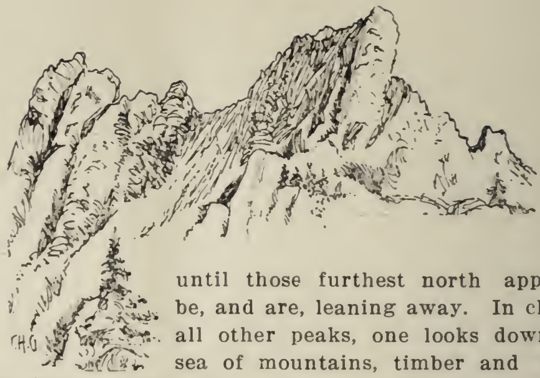
No matter how high or how massive a mountain may be, its snow dome is simply more or less snow and spells one thing only — grandeur. One may climb a snow dome, become chilled to the bone by piercing winds, should the day prove unpropitious, and with face and lips blistered, swollen and cracked, even in spite of grease paint, from the sun shining on the snow on the summit—one may, in fact, present every



Camp in the Park
July, 1900

evidence of having passed through a period of the most extreme discomfort, and yet be happy in the pride of accomplishment. Those who like that kind of pleasure, that is the kind of pleasure they like. We can accommodate the stranger with that form of sport in the Olympics, but not on Mt. Angeles, for Our Mountain is a "friendly mountain."

It is a peculiar feature of mountain climbing that as one ascends, the surrounding country appears to draw nearer. The city of Port Angeles gradually draws nearer until one can pick out the individual buildings, and almost see the people walking along the streets. Prominent buildings in Victoria, eighteen miles away, are plainly to be seen. With a glass one can make out the guns at Fort Worden. The surf breaks along the beach at the mouth of the Elwha only a little ways away. One can count every skiff of the salmon fishing fleet off Ediz Hook. Every ship in the strait is plainly visible. The ranches from Port Crescent to Sequim are easily distinguishable. One is amazed to see how large a portion of the country always thought of as timbered is really under cultivation. Beyond lies the vast timbered country of western Clallam county, where the forest resembles nothing quite so much as the grass of an eastern prairie. Usually, surprise will be expressed that Lake Sutherland should be northwest of the mountain and only a short distance away — a tiny pool deep down between mountain ridges; the north end of Crescent, too, seems scarcely more than a pond, so dwarfed is it by the mountains. The Cascades, snow-covered peaks extending far to the north of Vancouver Island, tip more and more with the curvature of the earth,



The Second Peak

until those furthest north appear to be, and are, leaning away. In climbing all other peaks, one looks down on a sea of mountains, timber and water; even the mountain ridges have in some way become flattened out, and everything is unfamiliar. Our Mountain is a "friendly mountain"; though we stand on its summit, five miles from town and a mile up, we feel right at home.

THE "PEAKS" OF MT. ANGELES

Not all who have climbed Mt. Angeles know the mountain. The old-time trail up the "First Peak" makes available, to him who must return to the lower levels at night, only about one-sixth of the total area, and that one-sixth is in several respects the least interesting.

The First Peak is really only the higher portion of a ridge running up onto the mountain. The First Peak is the porch, the roof of the mountain lies beyond. One standing on the First Peak is on top of the mountain, but not on THE top of the mountain. The main ridge of Mt .Angeles may be likened to the capital letter L, the base line extending toward the town. The northernmost end of this base line, being over a mile nearer town than the stem of the L, appears to be higher. So, also, to one standing on North Lincoln street, the flag on our court house appears to be higher than the top of the mountain; it is the same proposition. From the summit of the First Peak or ridge one has a truly magnificent view of Mt. FitzHenry and the crest of Mt. Olympus, as well as the lower mountains to the north of these, but of the entire Olympic range he sees very little, possibly not over one-fifth. He has a beautiful view, a magnificent view, but the real grandeur of the Olympics is concealed from him by the higher main ridge of the mountain.

Those of us who are familiar with Mt. Angeles are often asked concerning "that other peak to the southward." Someone has climbed up the old trail to the First Peak. When about midway along this peak, or ridge, he has descended through a narrow cut to the grassy park, a favorite lunching place because of the numerous springs. After lunch he has climbed the steep grass-slope to the edge of the rim. Here, facing him across a mighty chasm, a mile away, and very noticeably higher, rises a great peak. He has already "climbed" Mt. Angeles; what, then, is that other mountain beyond? That "other mountain" is the summit of Mt. Angeles, and he was only half way up, if we reckon distance and elevation by hours of effort. From the point to which he has ascended, he will require another day to reach the summit and return.

On his right is the south end of the First Peak, or ridge, dropping off with extreme abruptness into the valley below, a series of precipices, of rock shelves, and of talus slopes, the whole extending quite down into Little river, three thousand feet below, though the lower two-thirds, being timber-covered, appears to the eye to be a uniform, if steep, slope. On his left is the Second Peak, remarkable for its bold contour and its "90 degree"

Isabel Rock on First Peak

Klahhane Club
on way to
Third Peak
July, 1915

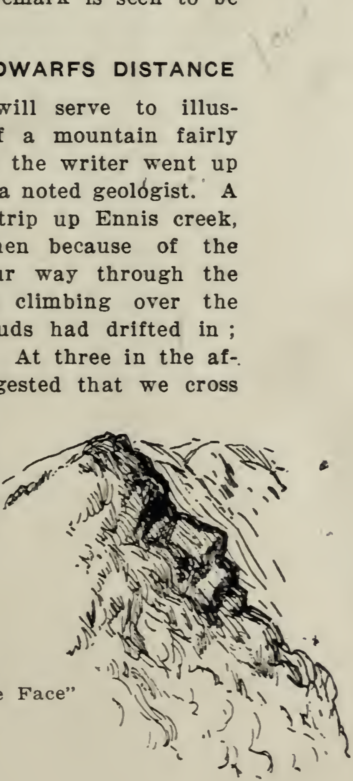
"O crag-crowned peak, I hail thee once again!
Once more thy lofty crest breeds fresh surprise.
At rest in hanging garden, flower-warmed glen,
O'er slopes of rock I lift my wistful eyes
And hail thee; O, I hail thee once again!
—Meany.

chimneys. But these features of the mountain are overbalanced by the magnitude of the Third or West Peak, and he fails to note that the pinnacles of the Second Peak, which had seemed to be the real roof of the world as he was climbing up, are dwarfed by still greater pinnacles on the ridge running down from the Third Peak; that the Second Peak is really rather insignificant, merely two or three rocks set on one of the mountain's ribs.

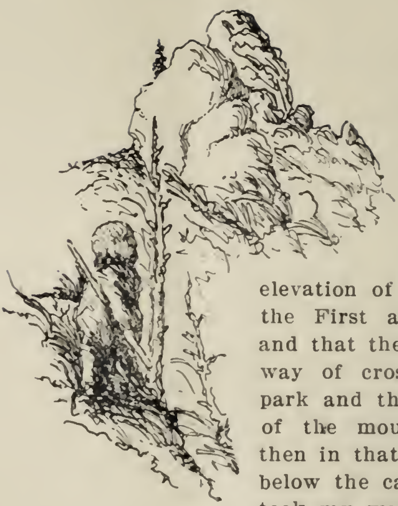
The trouble lies mainly in the fact that few people realize the size, the magnitude of a mountain. It is said a man never really acquires a proper respect for a mountain until he attempts to move one with a wheelbarrow. And, really, when we consider the years that are required, with thousands of men and thousands of machines in completing some puny little work like the Culebra Cut, for example, the remark is seen to be most appropriate.

WHERE MAGNITUDE DWARFS DISTANCE

A little instance will serve to illustrate the magnitude of a mountain fairly well. A few years ago the writer went up the trail with a friend, a noted geologist. A week later we took a trip up Ennis creek, exceedingly difficult then because of the necessity of forcing our way through the thick brush as well as climbing over the hundreds of logs. Clouds had drifted in; there was a dense fog. At three in the afternoon my friend suggested that we cross over to the old trail and return down the mountain. It took some moments to grasp the fact that



Klahhane Peak
"The Great Stone Face"



Old Man
of the Mountain

he was under the impression that, inasmuch as we had been climbing all day, we must at least have reached the elevation of the park between the First and Second Peaks, and that there should be some way of crossing over to the park and the old trail on top of the mountain. We were then in that "Hell's Half Acre below the canyon. He finally took my word for it, that we were "no whar nigh the place" he thought for, and we started out to climb to the lake, intending to reach the cabin by the lake ridge. When a third of the way up the cliffs, the fog opened for a moment just at the crest of the Second Peak — and it was two thousand feet if it was an inch, almost vertically overhead. Accustomed to the magnificent distances of Rainier, he regarded Mt. Angeles as a small mountain, and so it is, but almost every foot of its seven thousand feet is "above ground." The person who fails to take that fact into consideration is likely to acquire serious difficulties in the course of his explorations.

Angeles Had Four Glaciers

THOUGH Mt. Angeles lacks the snow fields and glaciers of Mts. Olympus, Meany, Queets, Anderson and others of the Olympics, having alpine parks instead, it retains all the other features of those "higher" mountains.

It would appear there are two reasons to be assigned for the lack of glaciers on Angeles. The heavy moisture-laden clouds of winter are borne inland on the southwest trades; being blown up the mountain sides and over the snowfields, they lose by far the greater portion of their moisture through immediate condensation so that the annual snowfall is enormous. Mt. Angeles, lying to the leeward of the Olympics, therefor receives very little snow or rainfall in comparison with the Main Divide, and as stated before its proximity to the salt waters so tempers the climate that it carries over no snow from year to year.

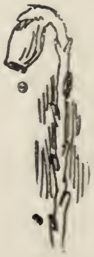
The summers are very brief at high elevations on the mountain ranges; also, the warmth of the summer sun is only felt a few hours each day. Even in mid-summer blizzards often rage around the mountain tops. Under such conditons there is always several feet of the previous winter's snow left when summer draws to a close. Each successive year's snow is compressed harder under the tremendous weight above until it takes on the clear blue of hard glacial ice. Looking down the crevasses, each year's snowfall is plainly to be seen in the dark lines between

the layers, the result of dust blown over the snowfields.

And right here lies one reason why the glaciers of the Olympics are more beautiful than those of Rainier and other volcanic peaks; having no lava dust, no ashes, our glaciers are practically clean. Some of these glaciers are two, three, and even five miles in length. Some of them descend well down toward the valleys, while others, known as hanging glaciers, break off at the edge of gigantic precipices, the blocks of ice melting on the rocks below.

On one occasion when the writer was climbing the mountainside facing Humes' glacier on Mt. Olympus, a great block of ice as large as a house split off and fell over five hundred feet to the rocks below, the crash echoing for minutes among the mountain cliffs. Always the glaciers are creaking and groaning as the ice is forced between and over the ragged rocks by the pressure of the enormous ice river.

But on Mt. Angeles, owing to the lesser snowfall and proximity to salt water, practically all the snow disappears by mid-summer and there is no material left with which to form a glacier. The only exception to this is found on the Third Peak, where a small body of ice is to be seen in September of each year, the last remaining remnant of a once mighty glacier that ground its way down into Little river valley.



Mt. Angeles had, at one time in the misty past, three primary glaciers, lying in the Little river, Ennis creek and Lake creek basins. Of these, the Little river glacier was the largest. Heading in between the Second and Third Peaks, and cloved for its entire length by the ridge ending in Thumb

Rock, it extended from the rim well down toward the valley. Evidence of its grinding power is seen, even after the centuries that have since passed, in the pinnacles of harder rock left standing.

The second largest was doubtless in Ennis creek valley, the large area known as Poverty Flat being the basin for the field of ice, which cascaded over into Ennis creek canyon in a frozen waterfall five hundred feet in height.

A third glacier occupied the present site of Lake Angeles, leaving there a splendid example of the "cirque," or pocket in the mountain's side, the rear wall of which, in this instance, is twelve hundred feet high. To understand the formation of a cirque one must remember that the edge of the snowfield melts away from the rock each summer, and that the entire mass of ice forming the glacier is constantly moving down the mountain. The rock face is constantly undergoing disintegration, fragments being chipped off by the freezing of moisture which finds its way into every minute crevice. As rains are very frequent in the mountains in spring and fall, and as it freezes practically every night, the process is fairly rapid. At times the dropping of these minute particles of rock sounds like hail, and in fact the dropping of larger fragments is at times of so frequent occurrence as to make the immediate vicinity of these cliffs very dangerous places. With the coming of winter the space between snow or ice and rock is again filled and the loose rock is frozen in and carried on down beneath the glacier, being ground up and eventu-

Climbing
Webster's Cliff

ally shoved out at the glacier's "nose." The larger portion of this detritus is carried off down stream, but in many instances sufficient remains to finally choke up the valley and form a lake. Thus it may be said that the glacier eats its way back into the mountain's side. The great cliff forming the south wall of Lake Angeles, and also the cliffs on the north side of the Third Peak, were created in this manner. Lake Angeles owes its existence to the choking up of the narrow canyon with detritus from the rock walls, sufficient having come down and been retained to make a fair-sized meadow at the lower end of the lake.

One other glacier, of a secondary nature, filled the basin between Klahhane Peak and Lake Angeles, leaving a much smaller lake in its basin.

There were no glaciers on the south side of the mountain for the reason that the bulk of the snow blows over onto the north side and also because it is far warmer on the side facing the sun. Consequently, while the higher elevations of the north side are precipitous, the south, for the most part, presents a gently sloping grassy hillside between the comparatively low timberline and a narrow combing of rock.

Lake Angeles
4,500 ft. Elevation
Length, 2,000 ft.

The Alpine Flower Gardens

ALTHOUGH the glaciers with their beautiful crevassed cascades undoubtedly constitute the greatest attraction of the Olympic mountains, our Mt. Angeles has its own features of scarcely secondary interest. In fact, the very absence of the glaciers, which once filled the narrow valleys almost rim-full, is responsible for the high-stepped walls of the peaks themselves, Mt. Angeles having more unscalable precipices than any of the other Olympics.

Time was when the continent was covered with glacial ice, only the tops of the mountain peaks appearing above the ice plain. The one-time thickness and extent of this ice cap, so the geologists tell us, is determined by the area covered with granite boulders which were brought down, imbedded in the ice, from the far north. This ice cap, which gouged out Puget Sound and the strait of Juan de Fuca, filled the Olympic mountain valleys, even to the head of the streams. The ice cap reached about half way up the side of Mt. Angeles; in fact, just below the Half-way Rock the last large boulder is to be seen; beyond that elevation it is impossible to find a piece of granite.

During this long period of time the mountain peaks acquired a flora identical in some respects, similar in others, to that of Alaska and Siberia. Many of our Alpine plants bear Russian names, having been first collected by the early Russian botanists, at Alaskan trading posts.

In the course of time, as the ice receded, there was left on these peaks three distinct zones of plants. The true alpine flowers, acclimated at an elevation of 7,000 feet, but not to be found much below that elevation; another zone, between six and seven thousand, of plants less depauperated; and another, between four and six thousand, of sub-alpine plants. In all the many thousands of years that have passed since that time, these alpine plants have not become acclimated below their zones; neither have the sub-alpine plants been able to exist above their level. On the high mountains, where the only soil surface is that to be found in tiny crevices in the rock pinnacles, a hundred feet high or thereabout, alpine flowers are necessarily very limited, both in number and species. In this strictly alpine region, the rock crests of the mountain ridges, we find bluebells, in themselves an inch across, borne by plants scarcely half an inch in height; so also there are pinks, primroses, phlox, and many others, the plants apparently little more than thin patches of moss, yet covered with flowers, disproportionately large and of intense hues. There is a spiraea, as perfect as the ocean spray, the tree spiraea whose trunk sometimes attains a diameter of twelve inches, or as the goatsbeard, the herb which grows to a height of from three to six feet—an alpine spiraea so dwarfed that the spike of white blossoms is three times as long as the plant itself. There is a willow tree, two inches high, yet bearing perfect catkins an inch in length. There are ferns, small but sturdy, growing in the high rocks, that are never to be found two or three hundred feet below the elevation of their chosen home.

On Mt. Angeles, where the usual fields of snow and ice are absent, their place being taken by the true alpine parks, there are meadows, watered by tiny streams, dotted with clumps of dwarfed Alpine fir and Alaskan cedar, and covered with short grass in which are growing thousands upon thousands of flowers. One may easily pick over twenty-five species in a spot less than ten yards across, or over a hundred species in a walk of a thousand feet. Again, below these alpine parks, are the sub-alpine parks, at the head of the branches of Morse creek and Little river — meadows at an elevation of 4,000 feet where the grass grows knee-high. Swampy in character, these have a flora all their own — lusty plants of many blossoms, red and orange and blue, in fact all the colors of the rainbow.

It was of these alpine and sub-alpine parks that Prof. J. B. Flett, dean of botanists of the state, spoke when he said he had never seen such a floral collecting ground as Mt. Angeles. After twenty years in this state, the successive summers of which had been spent in botanical work in the various mountain regions of the state and Alaska, Professor Flett had become so familiar with the flora that he was wont to say the finding of one new species (not an undescribed species, but one he had never before had the pleasure of collecting) was ample reward for a day's hard work among the crags of a mountain. Yet Mt. Angeles, on the days when we camped high up on her slopes and climbed over her precipitous rocks, was never so niggardly as to limit the find to one and only one species.

But the real flower fields — not as regards the number nor the rarity of individ-

ual species, but in respect to the multitudes of flowers of comparatively few kinds — are the grass ridges and southern mountain slopes. These run from Mt. Constance on Hood Canal to Hurricane Hill on the Elwha and even beyond—the Paradise Park country of the Olympics. For the most part too low for the white heather and the host of alpine plants, as well as being too high for those of the sub-alpine meadows, their flora is limited to great fields of blue lupines, of of painted cups, bunch flowers, white cowslips, avalanche lilies, and other similar. In the thousands of acres of this park-like councountry the Olympics have as extensive floral fields as are to be found on the slopes of Rainier or any other mountain.

And the beauty of the Mt. Angeles country, over that which is covered with snow and ice, lies in the fact that here one may camp, not on a bench on the side of a mountain, not deep down in a sub-alpine valley, but way up in the High Places — between the peaks, in a true alpine garden. No other place in the whole of the Northwest presents an equal opportunity. To reach the summit of a snow-capped mountain is a matter of some considerable effort, to say the least, and after spending an hour or so on the top you must return to the valley to camp. You cannot see the sun set because you are away down in the valley; you cannot see the moon rise, for you are virtually at the bottom of a well; you can see nothing save the timber and rocks immediately about you unless you daily undertake the climb up those rock ridges to the summit. You are not in an alpine country, but betwixt and between.

On Angeles one may see the sun sink

into the Pacific, beyond Tatoosh Island, while its last rays tint with gold and rose and purple the hundreds of snow peaks in the Olympics and Cascades; one may see the moon rise, should he be so fortunate as to be on the mountain when that orb is in its full glory, flooding every peak and rock and tree with its silvery light, and be brought to realize then, as never before, the full import of what it is to FEEL the majesty, the nobility, the strength of the hills.

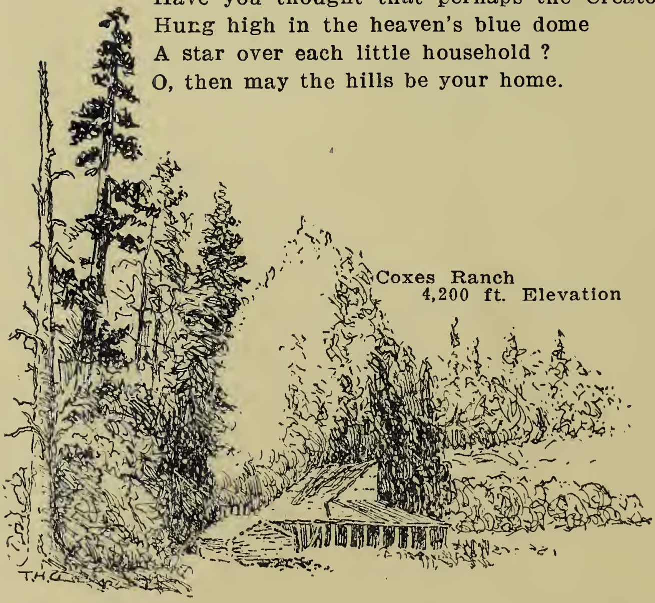
Rocks of the Hills

By Edmond S. Meany

Have you climbed among rocks in the mountains,
Great rocks in the rough sculptured hills;
Have you felt you were near the world's morning
Where order from chaos fulfills
One of God's primal laws of creation?
O, then may you learn of the hills.

Have you laughed when a wind swept the summit
And swirled around pinnacled rocks;
Have you sought a secure granite fortress
To brave all the gale's battle shocks
Until peace found the wings of a sunbeam?
O, then may you love the grim rocks.

Have you watched the wee folk of the boulders
Who scamper to rock sheltered home;
Have you thought that perhaps the Creator
Hung high in the heaven's blue dome
A star over each little household?
O, then may the hills be your home.



Coxes Ranch
4,200 ft. Elevation

Northern Slopes Almost Impenetrable

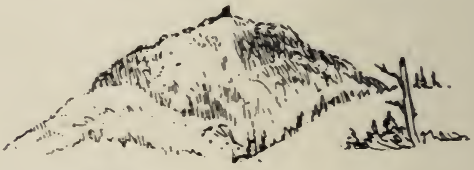
SOME twenty-five years ago, when the timbered country along the strait was being taken up by homesteaders, each of whom was required to build a cabin and slash and burn a clearing, forest fires were the rule rather than the exception, few localities indeed escaping the blackening torch. In some sections the fire simply ran along the ground, cleaning up the dead refuse, killing a few trees, and charring the base of others. In other localities, where the forest growth was exceptionally dense, or where, on mountain slopes, it had attained extreme dryness, practically every tree was killed, the forest becoming a cemetery of dead and blackened stubs.

During this time, the pioneers say, Mt. Angeles was twice burned over, its firey slopes presenting a wonderful sight when freshening wind cleared away the pall of smoke. Aside from the timber in Morse creek valley, and the smaller areas in the valleys of Ennis creek and Little river, only a few tiny patches of the original forest remained and, for two or three years thereafter, one could ride a pony up the mountain slopes without any regard to or necessity for trails. Gradually the charred trees, through the action of rain and frost, became white, their surfaces chiseled as finely as though by the delicate touch of the engraver; winter winds, always gusty in their nature, leveled a few here and there, until not more than one per cent were left standing.

Within three or four years, all the lower slopes were reseeded, a new forest many times more dense than before, growing up between the criss-crossed logs. The age of this new dress is from 15 to 20 years, being easily ascertained by counting the rings of limbs on average trees. The higher slopes, being, for the most part, above such seed-bearing trees as escaped the fires, have reseeded slowly or not at all, the mountainside seemingly being covered with an interlacing maze of whitened toothpicks. Above these, again, are tiny groves of stunted alpine trees, or here and there a solitary "ghost tree," as they are most appropriately named.

The result has been to make the northern slopes of the mountain almost impenetrable. With the exception of the old-time trail up to the First Peak, there are no trails and the most interesting features of the mountain, such as Lake Angeles, the snow fields of Ennis creek, the Third Peak, and so forth, are closed books to all except the most enthusiastic and tireless, nine-tenths of the mountain being terra incognita.

The southern slopes of the mountain, covered, for the most part, with open timber and grass, are easily reached via the new Forest Service trail up Morse creek, taking the place of the old-time Cox trail which made such surprising elevations only to drop down again and again. This southern side may also be reached by means of the game trails along the grass ridges, either from the east or by the Hurricane Hill trails to the Elwha. Such trips, however, require two or three days and involve long hikes.



Gopher Rock

The great need of those who enjoy a day or two in the mountains is a well-cleared trail up Ennis creek, making a thoroughfare from the end of the Mt. Angeles road at Klahhane lodge to the center of the Divide between the sources of Ennis and Morse creeks. As a temporary expedient, the Klahanne club has brushed out a mile or more of trail extending from their lodge to the Ennis creek canyon; but the hundreds of logs lying on the mountainside, some of them seven and eight feet above the ground, make it a tiresome trip, not often to be undertaken. In fact, a party of mountaineers, partly members of the Seattle club and partly Klahhanies, making the trip to the Divide over the new trail last July, found it required from seven in the morning till nearly eight in the evening, although two hours of that time was spent in making the ascent of the snow slope at the head of Ennis creek, and another two in climbing to the summit of the Third Peak.

Gopher Rock
on First Peak

The Heart Hill-Born

By Olive Dargan.

Hand clamped to desk,
And eyes on task undone,
I see a meadow pool,
With shaken willows silvering.
O, Gods that trouble me,
Wherefore, wherefore?—
Pan is at the door.

An arabesque
Of sifted sun
And forest star-grass, cool
With shadows tunneling:
Witch-work that tauntingly
Webs my bare floor:
Ah, Pan is at the door.

I'm civilized,
And in my veins
The mountain brook is still
As water in a jar;
But oh, the heart hill-born
It paineth sore,
For Pan is at the door.

Ye sacrificed
Of earth, what rains
Have wept their will
And drowned your rebel star,
That you should sit forlorn,
Telling greed's score,
When Pan is at the door?

Features of Special Interest—The Lake

IF those features of more especial interest on Our Mountain, doubtless Lake Angeles holds first place. By reason of its elevation, 4,500 feet, it is clearly entitled to be classed as a real mountain lake, and of all the mountain lakes of the Olympics, of which there are many, it is easily the largest. Though it appears small, due to the height of the surrounding cliffs, as well as of the very considerable area of the peak immediately above, in reality it is 2,000 feet or over a third of a mile in length by some 800 feet in width. Its depth has never been measured; at the lower and shallow end, where Lake creek flows out through a tiny meadow, one could easily wade across, but at the upper end one can see great rocks, lying close inshore, where the water must be fully a hundred feet in depth. An island, simply a pinnacle of rock, in the crevices of which are growing a few stunted trees, lies apparently close inshore under the 1,200 foot wall at the upper end; yet when one walks around the shore line the island is soon seen to be but a short distance from the outlet—such is the deception due to the depth of the canyon. People climbing the First Peak often ask where Lake Angeles lies. Expecting to see the lake in one of the deep valleys below, they can hardly realize that the elevation of its surrounding walls very closely approximates that of the First Peak itself, and are surprised to find that instead of a sheet of water

there is to be seen only a definite blackness at the base of the Central Peak, over a mile away. Being thus sheltered on the northern side of the mountain, the lake is frozen over until early summer and is not free from slush until about the first of August. Though there may be trout in its black and forbidding depths, none has been seen; however, there are a few of the little red "water dogs" near the rocky shore line.

Seven waterfalls, tiny threads as seen from the northern end of the lake, which one reaches first when climbing up Ennis creek ridge, add to the interest of the place. One of these plunges down some 500 feet and another is found, when one encircles the lake, to be of very fair size; four or five of these falls last only so long as the field of snow remains on the peak above.

PINNACLES AND CHIMNEYS

The Second Peak, a comparatively short ridge consisting of three main pinnacles, is the most interesting bit of rock to be found on Angeles, or anywhere else in the Olympics that the writer has been. To underdstand the formation of these pinnacles one must first realize that the rock composing them, now standing at an angle of almost ninety degrees, was laid down in layers by streams flowing into the ancient inland seas. For a long space of time one kind of ground up rock was deposited over a large area, and then another kind of a different degree of hardness. How long a time was required to build up the layers of rock included in Mt. Angeles only the geologist can estimate, and he but roughly, but this we know: Time is the most common, the most abundant thing — in eternity. In the course of time, comparatively recent as the formation of mountains goes, there was a shrinkage, a settling and crumpling, during which the strata was turned on edge. The tremendous force thus exerted caused sufficient heat to burn the layers of rock, turning them, for the most part, a dark brown, very similar in shade to the lava of the volcanic peaks. There is, however, absolutely no evidence of volcanic action in the Olympics. Some idea of the thickness of the surface of the earth that was here laid down by water may be had from the fact that over three horizontal miles, from north to south, of the crest of the mountain was at one time three vertical miles of the earth's surface.

The softer layers of rock have gradually crumbled away, partly through the action of glaciers, but more largely as a result of the combined action of rains and frost. Thus there have been left standing only the harder layers, the pinnacles of the present day. Even in these the narrow strips of softer rock, a foot, or two or three feet in width, have crumbled, leaving chimneys up which the venturesome climber may, with some little difficulty, reach the summit. There are three or four of these chimneys affording access to the more southerly and highest of these pinnacles and many who climb the mountain thus make the highest point of the Second Peak—not all, however, for frequently some one of the party will lose his, or possibly her, nerve, when those lower down in the chimney must of necessity return to the base of the pinnacle.

'Tis often said that fools rush in where angels fear to tread; in other words, those lacking in experience will often take chances over which the expert will hesitate and turn down.

Prof. J. B. Flett
Collecting the Rare
Viola Flettii

A friend, Dr. Eaton, member of the mountaineering clubs of San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, who has herself made the ascent of many of the principal volcanic peaks of the coast,who will jump over crevasse after crevasse and whom the writer has seen cross snow bridges not six inches in thickness, hesitated midway up one of these chimneys on Mt. Angeles, saying it was the most dangerous place she had ever gotten into; nor would she change her opinion after reaching the top.

At another time Professor Flett refused point blank to continue up the last fifty feet of a chimney on the south side of the Third Peak. He had completed the week before a seven day trip around Mt. Rainier just below snow line. In other words, he had crossed a glacier, climbed up one side of a gigantic cleaver, down the opposite side, crossed another glacier, and so on for over fifty miles, carrying his hotel with him through a trailless country. We made three ascents, or three attempts, before reaching the summit of Angeles on that side. On the first, Prof. Flett, considerably in advance, slid down again, saying he found the way barred by the "worst hell-hole he had ever looked into." The second time we nearly reached the top, getting to a point where it seemed more dangerous to return than to go on, when Flett refused to go further. A third ascent, up another chimney off to the southwest edge of the peak, proved feasible, if not entirely a pleasure jaunt.

But to return to the Second Peak: Having made the climb up the main chimney, where there are neither hand nor footholds upon which the least reliance may be placed and where the climber must hug the rocks

Senecio Websteri
Grows Only on
Mt. Angeles

with "all fours" braced against the side walls, he comes to a narrow knife-like ridge of smooth rock, so narrow for a short distance that strong men will sometimes crawl over much as they might cross a deep canyon on a 12-inch log. Jutting out to the side of this ridge stands a tiny point of rock about twelve feet high, or possibly it might better be described as a double pointed rock. He who climbs the smooth surface to stand on the tip, where there is hardly room for one pair of feet, and where he has nothing below save the smooth overhanging rock, in all respects similar to the side of a three story stone building, may be said to have reached the summit of the Second Peak.

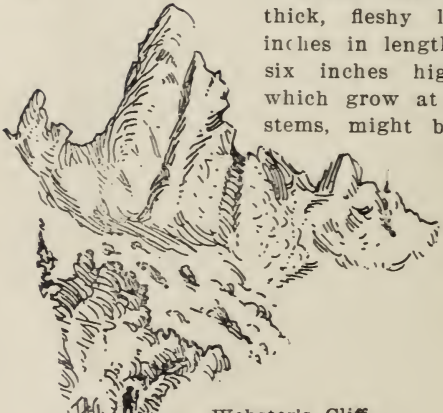
Upon this ridge grow some of the rarest flowers to be found on the mountain, tiny plants and only a very few of each species. Usually the climber continues on around to the north and down a particularly smooth and steep crack in the rocks, a place that could and should be made safe by means of a wire cable. The summit of this pinnacle may more easily be reached by means of a chimney midway of the north side, but this is seldom attempted because of the necessity of crossing a 65 degree snow field, which appears dangerous to the novice, and also because of the number of loose rock to be encountered.

North of this larger pinnacle stand two others, the first tower-like, perfectly smooth as to its vertical surfaces and crown, and cleft almost in twain by a chimney so narrow that a squirrel could hardly negotiate a passage. The summit of this pinnacle has been reached on two occasions by Miss Mae Webster, and, insofar as the writer knows, by her

alone. Others, sizing it up, have wondered how it was done; however, like Columbus's trick of standing an egg upon end, it is perfectly simple once you know how.

WEBSTER'S CLIFF AND CLUB FLOWER

Extending down towards the park from the base of the two larger pinnacles is a long talus slope, ending, as such slopes usually do, in a bunch of large rocks that have broken off the cliffs above. Until about the first of August — and often the first of September — this slope is covered with a thick blanket of snow, reaching well up onto the rocks. Underneath this blanket there grow a number of rare plants, of which Heuchera racemosa, Arnica cordifolia and Senecio websteri are most noticeable. These same species are to be found on other parts of the mountain, always under snow till late in the season. Botanists visiting Mt. Angeles have come down from the university or the colleges soon after the close of the school year, at a time when none of these plants are to be seen. Thus it remained for the writer to collect the first specimens of the senecio, which were examined by our state botanists, sent on to Prof. C. V. Piper at Washington, D. C., and by him referred to Prof. J. M. Greenman, then of the Northwestern University, and the highest authority on this branch of the aster family. Dr. Greenman's description of the plant is not altogether intelligible to the writer, whose early education was sadly neglected, but he is familiar with the specifiic name then and there given. The plant has thick, fleshy leaves four to six inches in length, and is not over six inches high. The blossoms, which grow at the end of short stems, might be described as an



Webster's Cliff
Central Rock on
Second Peak

abridged edition of the sunflower, having yellow petals and a brown center an inch across. It is limited to Mt. Angeles, as far as is at present known, and has been adopted as club flower by the Klahhane mountaineers. The first half dozen plants to be collected were growing out from under the edge of the central tower-like pinnacle, in the few feet of talus then exposed between rock and snow, by reason of which Rev. R. W. Raymond of Portland, on a visit in 1909, duly dedicated the pinnacle as Webster's Cliff. Unfortunately, being a very insignificant rock, as pinnacles go, one requires an experienced guide in order to find it.

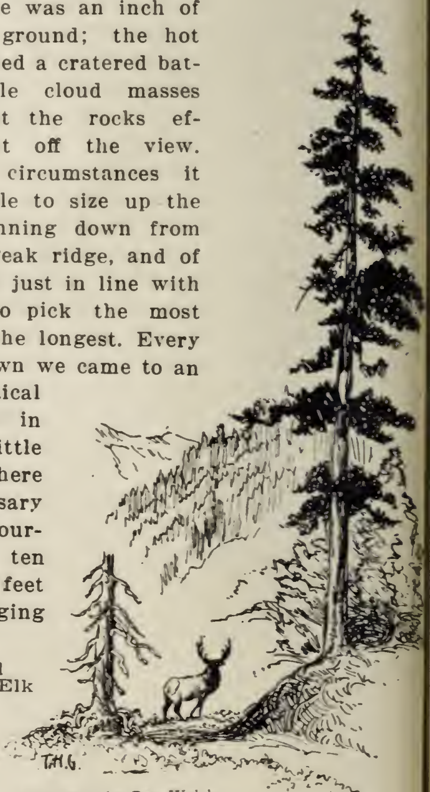
THE DANGER OF FALLING ROCKS

While the chimneys of the pinnacles are interesting because of being almost vertical, as well as affording the only means of reaching the crest of the rocks, they are insignificant when compared with those of the peaks themselves. Of these there are five main "vertical canyons," and possibly three hundred others having a length of from three hundred to a thousand feet. The great canyon between Central and East Peaks; the chimney extending down to the Burn on the north end of the First Peak; that running down from the Divide at the head of Ennis creek to the big spring which gushes out the mountainside, the source of the most westerly branch of Morse creek; the chimney which gives access to the Third Peak from the southwest, and the two-thousand-foot chimney from the main pinnacle of Second Peak to the floor of Ennis creek valley above the canyon, may be given as the five.

The writer was one of a party of five who went down the last named chimney in

1914, it being the intention to ascend Ennis creek valley and, crossing the Divide, return to town via Coxes ranch and trail. The trip had been postponed on account of dense smoke from forest fires, one of which burned the entire length of the foothills between the mountain and town, making a beautiful sight as we camped high up on the mountain. Unfortunately, however, the fine weather we had been having for some weeks was scheduled to terminate that night with the arrival of a dense bank of clouds from the ocean, of which fact we were not advised until we reached the summit that evening and saw the fog in the straits.

By three o'clock the clouds were rolling up the mountain, necessitating a fire and the toasting of one side and then the other in a effort at keeping warm. By morning there was an inch of hail on the ground; the hot cakes resembled a cratered battlefield, while cloud masses whirling past the rocks effectually shut off the view. Under such circumstances it was impossible to size up the chimneys running down from the Second Peak ridge, and of course it was just in line with our "luck" to pick the most rugged and the longest. Every few yards down we came to an almost vertical slide and in places to little precipices where it was necessary to lower ourselves down ten or twelve feet of overhanging



The Lone Bull
Roosevelt Elk

From Photo by Geo. Welch

rock. After getting down some three hundred feet we realized we were up against it, but being unable to figure out any way of getting back there was no choice but to go on. The two thousand feet took from seven till twelve o'clock, and we didn't loiter overly much on the way at that, especially after the gods of Mt. Angeles began their game of bowling, with our party as the nine pins.

One seldom spends a day on the mountain, if he gets beyond the First Peak, without hearing several rocks go crashing down into the timber. The valleys are filled with great boulders, if anything in the rock line save granite may be so termed; there are millions of smaller rocks, mostly fragments, on the lower slopes, while up above the chimneys and slopes are practically free. A favorite pastime of climbers is that of prying loose great rocks, many of which require only a touch, when they go bounding down, striking on other rocks or against trees, usually splitting into pieces before finding a resting place a half mile below.

When half way down the chimney, just as we had reached a little pocket or bench, onto which the first two boys stepped, there was a loud crack above and the air almost directly overhead seemed to be filled with a cloud of rock, the largest being easily as large as a piano or an office desk. Three of us were still in the narrow crack of the chimney, having just climbed over a big rock lodged therein; 'twas the work of a moment for two of us to crowd under the lower edge while the third doubled over with his head in the bottom of the crevice. With a great crash the falling rock struck the one we were under, breaking into a hundred pieces which rattled on

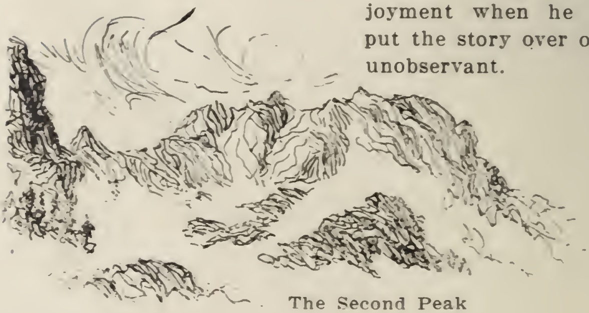
"Billy" and "Babe"

down the chimney; even the third man, exposed as he was, was uninjured, the one rock striking him happening to hit the center of his pack. It it be true that "a man born to be hung will never drown," there is at least one ever present danger among the rocks that holds no menace for us. Just by way of completing the story of the little trip, it might be added that as it began to rain we gave up the idea of crossing the Divide and went down Ennis creek instead. There having been no trail put in at that time, it required five hours of the hardest kind of effort to make the end of the Mt. Angeles road.

AVALANCHES

Avalanches, fields of snow sliding down the mountainsides, are not unknown on Mt. Angeles. In places great roadways are cleaned out absolutely free of trees; in others enormous quantities of broken logs and rough-surfaced rock have literally torn up the mountainside. The tough sub-alpine fir, crevice-rooted, is often bent and broken, scraped free of bark, clearly showing how so many misshapen trees occur on the high slopes.

Speaking of avalanches, Mr. Beaumont, a former old resident well known to all who travelled the Mt. Angeles road, used to take great pleasure in pointing out an immense rock which he insisted was brought down in a slide, just as he was returning from a trip to the mountain, so that he was fortunately an eye-witness. It is but necessary to add that a twelve inch fir is growing out of the top of the rock to get the proper appreciation of his enjoyment when he could put the story over on the unobservant.



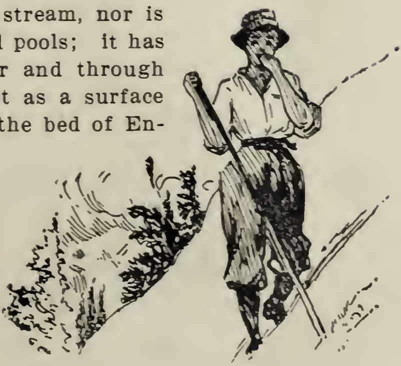
The Second Peak

OUR UNDERGROUND RIVER

An underground river in the Olympics, most precipitous of mountain ranges, where the streams are mostly glacier-born, cataracts that plunge down hundreds and thousands of cascades, swirl in elongated whirlpools through dozens of canyons, finally issuing forth onto the lowlands in continuous white water — an underground river in the Olympics is about the last thing one would dream of encountering. Yet such must be included among the features of Mt. Angeles.

Taking the new Klahhane trail for the falls, crossing "the spring," as the west fork of Ennis creek near the lodge has long been known, and continuing on up and over the ridge you soon hear quite plainly the music of Ennis creek itself, possibly five hundred feet below the trail. For the distance of a mile or more the sound grows more pronounced, as stream and trail approach each other; you become accustomed to the singing of the water until you no longer realize there is a stream below, when suddenly the silence becomes distinctly audible. The floor of the valley is possibly not more than two hundred feet below, and you wonder why it is that you have suddenly acquired the impression of being alone on the mountainside.

Two or three tiny streams are crossed before you hear the roar of the park stream which has its source in a number of springs in the park up between the peaks. If it be in spring or midsummer, before the snow fields have entirely disappeared, care must be used in selecting a place of crossing, for it is not a stream, nor is it a series of cascades and pools; it has no bed, but plunges over and through a mass of boulders. Yet as a surface stream it never reaches the bed of En-



nis creek, a hundred feet below. A trifle further on another stream, or rather falls, is to be seen, and still further, away up on the mountainside, yet almost overhead, a third waterfall. This last, being a broad sheet of water covering the face of a vertical cliff, might well be named the bridal veil. Apparently neither of these, nor another on the left side of the canyon, reach the main stream; they simply plunge over and disappear from view.

Ennis creek itself, after rushing headlong down several hundred feet in a succession of falls, swirling through a big patch of devil's club, finally slows up on the level between great moss and vine-covered rocks, and within only a few hundred feet of the canyon walls loses itself in a tangled mass of salmon berry vines, only to reappear, full grown and lusty, from under a rock at the beginning of the cascades down the valley.

A. E. COX, PIONEER

No story of Mt. Angeles, however extended as to detail, could be considered complete were not some mention made of A. E. Cox, the only man whose name has become permanently associated therewith.

Mr. Cox came west in the early nineties, locating and remaining in Seattle until times "got so hard," as he was wont to say, that he "could no longer get an old dollar for a new one." Then, though well along in years, he concluded to follow the custom of the day and put in his time as a homesteader until the country had recovered from the panic of 1903. Arriving in Port Angeles after all desirable timber claims had been taken up and hearing of the grassy parks on

Whistling Marmot

the south side of Mt. Angeles, he took the old "government trail," which could then be followed fairly well, to the head of Ennis creek. There, directly below and within a half hour's walk, lay the large park at the head of the west branch of Morse creek, while just over a low ridge was another opening, circular, level and watered by a tiny stream — an ideal pasture in the midst of the forest. Beyond this, yet another and larger and more beautiful park stretched away to the head of another tiny fork of the creek. Above these were the short-grass ridges giving access to the thousands of acres of grass land east and west.

Having come from a stock country and being himself a lover of fine stock, the possibilities impressed him. But the basin at the head of Ennis creek was filled with snow for the greater part of the year; a trail, other than that then existing, would be a necessity. Accordingly he returned to Seattle to enlist the aid of two or three friends. They came down, got together the necessary camping equipment and hit the trail for the top of the Divide. Naturally they were tired, after having made the climb of some six thousand feet, and disgusted as well, but Cox pointed out to them the fact that, inasmuch as they had merely to slide down to camp, their troubles were all but over. Seating himself in his fryingpan, suiting the action to the word, he cast off; there was a scraping sound, a noise as of splitting air — and Cox was in camp. He afterward confided to the writer that he was the most astonished man in the party, for he had an idea he could dig his heels into the snow and stop whenever he wanted to.

Eventually Cox took the circular park, a friend by the name of Wells filing on the larger opening. Building a log cabin and large shake barn, Cox proceeded to put in a patch of potatoes and fill his barn with some ten tons of hay; the season being favorable, he secured a fine crop of the former, while the hay, for years thereafter, was eaten by cattle and horses in preference to new grass. In the fall he employed an assistant and put in a trail down Morse creek — or perhaps one might more properly say "up," for that trail climbed to greater heights and more of them than any other ever built in the county. The Cox ranch and Cox trail will always be known as features of the Mt. Angeles country, and though Mr. Cox made no particular use of either, they have proven of great convenience and value to the ranchers, who drive in cattle, and to sportsmen and campers who enjoy a few days in the High Places.

In Mr. Cox's death, which occurred a few years ago, the writer lost a true friend who has never been replaced.

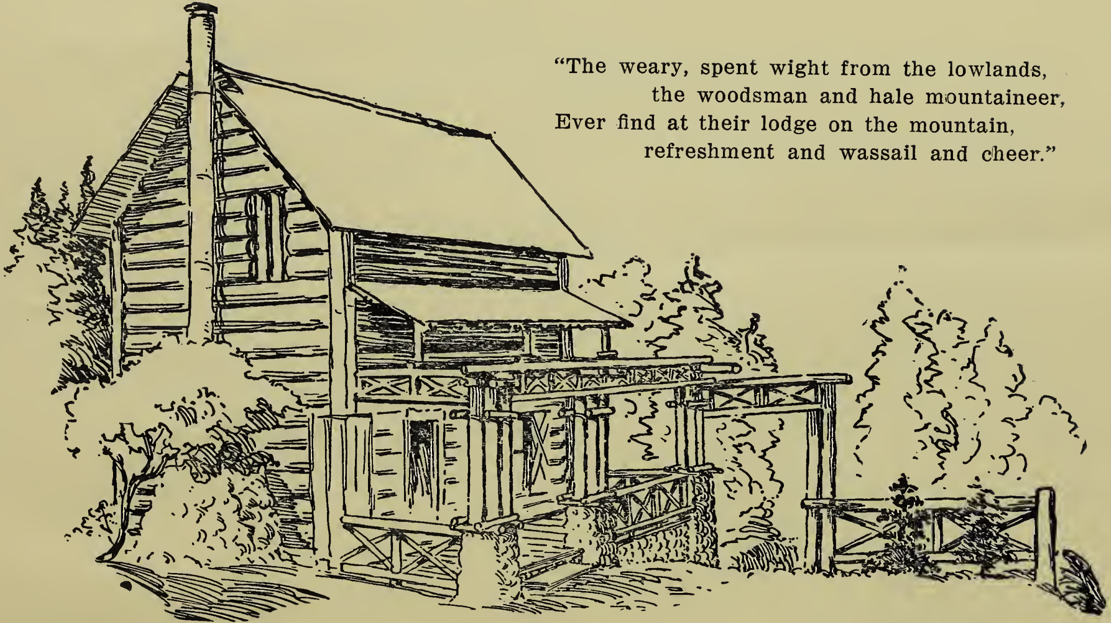
The Story of Williams' Cabin

IT was a quarter of a century ago, in the early days of the county, when several thousand people were selecting homesteads and timber claims, each with an eye to the greatest financial return therefrom, that Louie Williams, scholar, lawyer, and poet, and lover of the great out-of-doors, harkening to the call of Mother Nature, went well up onto the side of Mt. Angeles and filed on a piece of bench land for his woodland home.

NOW KLAHHANE LODGE

There was nothing particularly attractive about the site, insofar as the land itself was concerned, for the bench was short and narrow, the soil a coarse gravel, and the timber worthless. But there was a splendid view of the encircling ridge of the mountain; also a view, seldom equalled, of the interlacing hills extending to the eastward. Along one side of the bench a stream tumbled through a tiny gulch, possibly one hundred feet in depth, to unite below with other branches of Ennis creek, cascading down the mountainside on its way to the beach, some six miles distant. Should one fancy a wider vision, from a jutting rock a short distance above the bench, giving lookout over the foothills, his every desire might be gratified. Below, the town and bay of Port Angeles, the strait of Juan de Fuca, Vancouver Island with the ocean on one side and the Gulf of Georgia, island-dotted, on the other; beyond, the Cascade range, culminating in Mt. Baker—the "Great White Watcher"—and extending to the north in a

"The weary, spent wight from the lowlands,
the woodsman and hale mountaineer,
Ever find at their lodge on the mountain,
refreshment and wassail and cheer."



KLAHHANE LODGE, MT. ANGELES

long serrated line of great peaks that end only as they drop below the horizon.

Here Louie Williams built his summer home—a two story house of fair dimension—of cedar logs, sawed and planed on three sides, dovetailed at the ends and laid together with all the nicety of a piece of mission furniture; the ceilings were beamed, the floors of two inch cedar plank, the stairway and seats of rustic design, ornamental windows, a massive fireplace, and outside a thirty-foot porch, with a fountain and pool below. Some five acres were cleared, and fruit trees planted. The wagon road was extended, ending at the front door, where one took the trail on up the mountainside.

Then came the establishment of the Olympic National Forest, the line running along the further edge of the valley below, and Louie, disgusted, took government script for his improvements, the clearing becoming public property. As such it was used as a camping place for many years, or until the advent of the automobile brought the development of good roads to lakes Crescent and Sutherland and throughout the county, and the old winding wagon road up the mountain fell into disuse, the bridges became unsafe, and the cabin, visited only by hunters and the ubiquitous small boy, became the abode of wood rats and other animals of the forest. Meanwhile the clearing, reseeded from standing timber about, grew into a dense forest of young trees: fir, hemlock, cedar, pine, willow, alder, dogwood, cherry, maple, and all the rest, with a fair sprinkling of the many flowering shrubs for which the Puget Sound country is noted far and wide. Flowers, also—columbine, honeysuckle, clintonia, pyrola, paintbrush, white rhododendron, goatsbeard, and dozens of others—filled the openings between the young forest growth, brightening and beautifying the whole. The fruit trees, too, grew, even if slowly, and are still to be found here and there throughout the brush, as well as alongside the cabin door.

Such was the condition of affairs in 1914, when the Olympic peninsula mountaineering club, recently organized, leased the cabin from the Forest Service and appropriated Mt. Angeles and all that thereon is. On the first visit, by a party of some twenty members, who took out lumber and materials for repairs, the club was named Klahhane (Siwash for out-of-doors) and the cabin Klahhane Lodge.

Helping-hand days were held, the big fireplace being replaced, rustic furniture made, and an ornamental porch—designed by Thos. H. Guptill, artist-architect member—built of peeled poles; trails were improved and sufficient clearing done to open up the view of the hills to the east and of Mt. Baker between the foothills on the north.

Many have been the week-ends and holiday outings, in the summer when all nature seemed to please and the walk along the woodland road was one of the enjoyable features, and in the winter when the branches of the trees were laden with snow and the short days were ushered in at ten o'clock by the rising sun and closed three hours later with its setting behind the mountain ridge—days when the nights, though twenty hours long, seemed all too brief to those who, freed from the conventions of professional life, unbent and became "just kids again for tonight." But all this is part of another story, "The Story of the Klahhane Club."

FISHER'S RANCH AND THE TRAILS

From Beaumont's at the timber's edge south of town to the foot of the mountain there is only one ranch, a delightful place which will one day be made into a fine dairy farm—the homestead of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fisher, long-time residents of Port Angeles, who held a warm spot in the hearts of the members of the mountaineering club.

Near by is the forest ranger's station, and east and west run Forest Service trails to Morse creek and Little river. From the starting point of the latter trail, at an elevation of 1957 feet, or 400 feet below Klahhane Lodge, according to the record on a bronze post set this past summer by the U. S. Geological Survey, it is five miles to Coleman's ranch on Little river and six miles additional down Tumwater creek to town, practically every step down hill, making an ideal route home, or, by taking the old Little river road to the Elwha, four miles from Coleman's, the hiker comes out on the Olympic Highway, midway between town and the lakes, and at the beginning of the Elwha and Olympic Hot Springs trails, a favorite trip.

There are other trails, one from Fisher's up Ennis creek to an old prospect of Gregory's, a tunnel driven some forty feet into the hard rock of the mountain; and the Little river trail, built by Mr. Gregory to his present mine located some two miles above Coleman's on the main stream, where he has some 800 feet of tunnels. Another trail, from the main road, leads down into the deep valley of Ennis creek to Horstman's mine, an old-time prospect, and out again at Beaumont's.

The Morse creek trail, five miles up over the Ennis-Lake creek divide and down the latter stream to Morse creek, continuing on

up Morse creek to Coxes valley, also furnishes a delightful side trip for those who visit the mountain.

But the real trail, the "Mt. Angeles Trail," is the one that heads in at Klahhane Lodge and ends at Gopher Rock on the First Peak. Barring the long slopes of the zigzag trails on the Soleduck-Hoh Divide and the Low Divide between the Elwha and the head of the Quinault, there is doubtless not as easy a trail to climb in the Olympics. In fact, the only steep portion, until one reaches the foot of the peak itself, is that alongside the Half-way Rock, a jutting shelf on the sharp ridge about midway between the lodge and the Burn. This tablerock, being of goodly size, affords a splendid resting place for a large party and the view to the north is fully as good as is to be had from the summit of the mountain itself. It is the first place, too, that water may be had on the upward trip, a trail leading off some two hundred feet to the north fork of Little river.

THE BURN AND SINKHOLE

At the edge of the Burn, where one steps out of the thick brush of the ridge into a veritable flower park—the red of the columbines and castillejas, the white of the heliotropes, the purple of mountain lupines and the gold of arnicas and senecios—one experiences a feeling of relief and pleasure that is indeed gratifying. All about are tiny trees, each a real little "Christmas tree", perfect in contour and beautiful in its dense blue-green foliage. Great boulder-like rocks stand here and there, contrasting with the ivory-tinted stubs and logs, remnants of the forest long since destroyed by fire. The little forest folk, rabbits and chipmunks, are abundant, while more birds than one will ordinarily see on a day's hike through the woods, are singing

A Patriarch

or rapping out a welcome. A few steps further, and one reaches the edge of a wide grassy pool, the "sink hole" at the foot of the cliffs of the First Peak. From a heap of boulders on the opposite side comes the whistle of the mountain marmot, or whistler, whose fear being finally overcome by curiosity, ventures out into view, a tawny long-haired, bushy-tailed woodchuck, occasionally almost as large as a small spaniel. If one be tired and chooses to rest awhile and enjoy the surroundings, a deer may, oft'times, be seen walking slowly and gracefully along between the rocks and trees of the side hill, or a blue grouse and young—both female and chicks being of yellowish-brown — may materialize on a tiny gravel spot not fifty feet away, the coloration of both animal and bird harmonizing perfectly with their surroundings, splendid examples of Nature's camouflage.

THE WEST RIDGE.

Those making the ascent of the peak have a choice of three trails, one around the rocks to the right; one up—and straight up—the chimney to the base of Gopher Rock, and the trail built by the Klahhane club around the left or east side, by which may most easily and quickly be reached the Park between the First and Second Peaks. This last trail is only of interest to those who desire to continue on to the Park and springs, as the Park is nearly a mile beyond the sink hole.

The West Ridge, a mountain rib running down from the First Peak to the junction of the forks of Little river, is only a short distance across the Burn; being low, it affords those who do not feel equal to further strenuous effort an opportunity to see the glor-

ious snow and ice-clad summits of the Bailey range and the peaks of Olympus itself. Also, one may there find the mountain phlox, the primrose, anemones, and many others equally beautiful, and a whole slope of those exceedingly rare royal purple violets, Viola flettii, which grow only in the Olympics. A further advantage is to be noted in the fact that the south end of this ridge, which can be reached in ten minutes from the Burn, is free from snow fully two weeks before the First Peak, the flowers coming into bloom that much earlier.

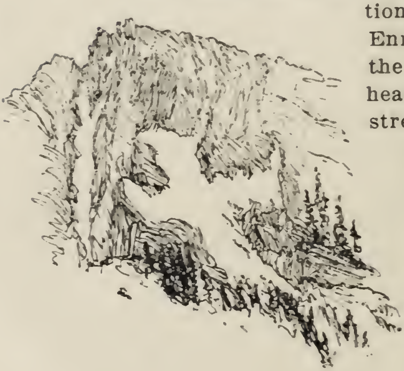
THE SNOW CROSS.

From the West Ridge, also, may be seen the Snow Cross, a view of which is denied those who climb on up the First Peak. This cross, so large and distinct that it could be seen miles away, did not timbered ridges intervene, would be a remarkable feature of the mountain were it located on the north side.

On the ridge are tiny pinnacles or dolomites, rows upon rows of them, and wind-swept Alpine fir, those strange dwarfed trees found on the bold rocks where there is little or no protection. One of these trees an inch in diameter will often have over fifty rings; estimating on that basis, a six-foot fir with an eighteen inch trunk would be fully 900 years old, having made the amazing growth of a twelfth of an inch the year.

KLAHHANE TRAIL.

The Klahhane club has under construction a new trail up Ennis creek from the lodge to the headwaters of that stream. Rising



sharply from the "spring" to about half the elevation of the Half-way Rock, it continues nearly on the level for possibly a mile to Ennis creek canyon at the base of the Second Peak; up this canyon, so far as is now known, no real trail can be built and one must climb by means of trees and roots from ledge to ledge and bench to bench, until the alpine basin of the stream be reached, from which point extends a long snow slope, the ascent of which requires an hour or more. Gaining the summit of the ridge, an elevation of some six thousand feet, one has access to the Third Peak, directly above; to the East Ridge, the Cox valley country and Morse creek trail, to Hurricane Hill and the Elwha, and, by means of a short side trail up the ridge below the canyon, to Lake Angeles.

The completion this next summer of the new automobile road to the base of Mt. Angeles will not only make it possible for many to visit the mountain who have long desired to do so, but will also afford a splendid side trip for visitors touring over the Olympic Highway, hundreds of whom will accept the invitation of John Muir to "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their freshness into you and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

The Mountain Steep

By Thos. H. Guptill.

Sing not to me of the shelt'ring lea—
Of the wild bees droning low
In the dulcet shade of some quiet glade,
Or the streamlet's purling flow.
Prate to me not of the calm begot
By the night orb's mystic beams,
Nor the lethal peace of toil's surcease
In the somnolent valley of dreams.

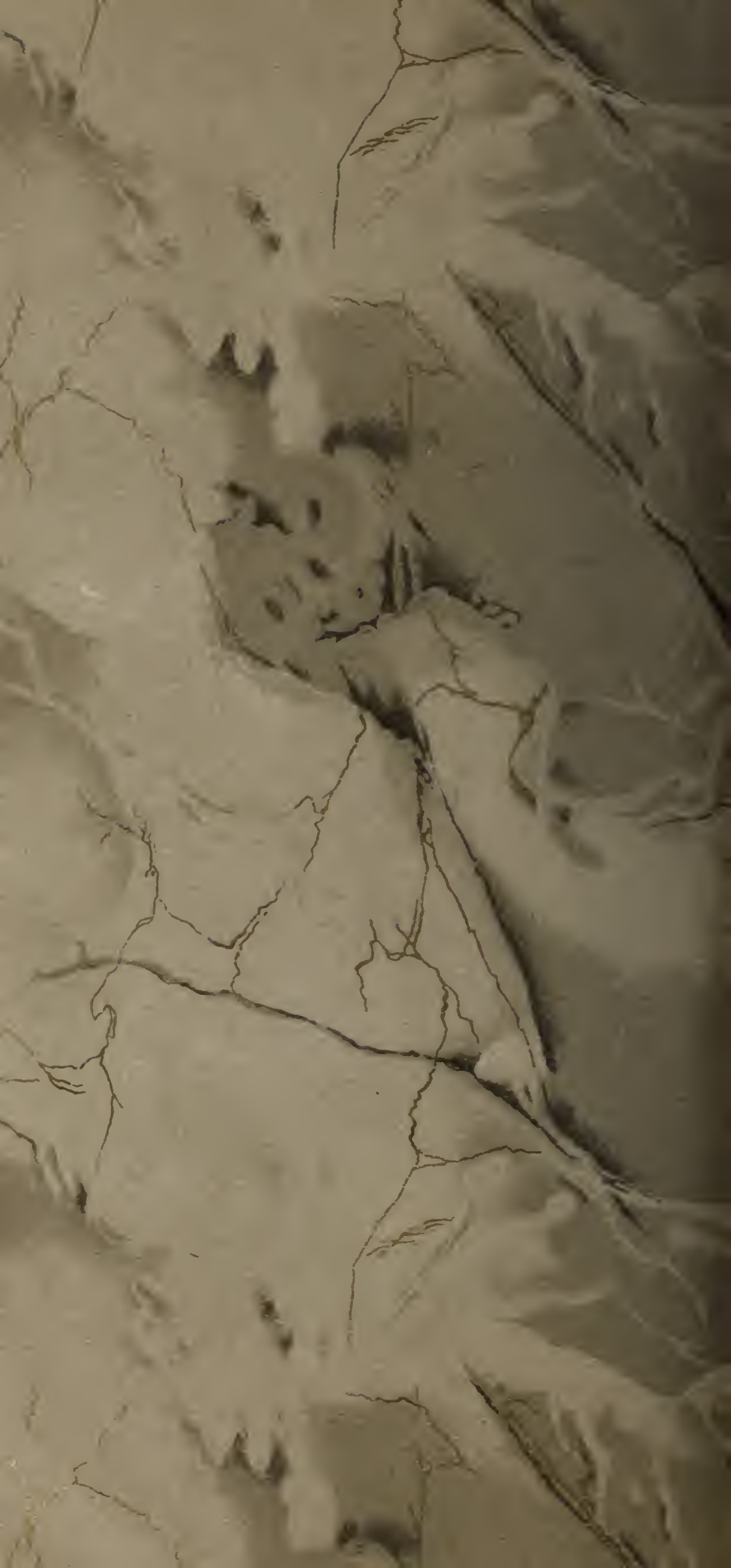
Tell me no more of the cotter's door
And the evening lamp light streaming—
The steaming bowl and the merry jowl
In the fitful firelight gleaming.
Tune not an ode to their calm abode
Who dwell by the level way,
For I would keep to the mountain steep
Forever and a day.

To the beetling dome—the eaglet's home—
Where the stars like jewels shine,
Where the surest hold on the wind-swept wold
Is the grasp of the storm-tossed pine
Where the Alpine bloom, in its snowy room
The pitiless hoar-frost stings
And the wat'ry pearls in sparkling swirls
Are flecking the ousel's wings.

For the lash that stings to higher things
Is the lash of the mountain rain
And the keenest wind and the cleanest wind
Is the wind of the broad moraine.
The purest snows that nature knows
Gleam white from the mountain's crest
And the purest font that ever flows
Is the bountiful glacier's breast.

From things that twine and the red, red wine
Let me rise to a better self.
Nor hold me long to the grasping throng
In their merciless greed for pelf.
Then lead me, Lord, by the sylvan cord
From the garish lights away,
And let me keep to the mountain steep
Forever and a day.

Waiting for Chow



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